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NEW YORK:
IRWIN P. BEADLE, & CO.,
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BEADLE'S DIME SONG BOOK, No. 5.

When I saw Sweet Nellie Home.

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In the sky the bright stars glitter'd,
On the grass the moonlight fell,
Hush'd the sound of daylight bustle,
Closed the pink-eyed Pimpernel.
As adown the moss-grown wood path
Where the cattle love to roam,
From Aunt Dinah's quilting-party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus.—In the sky the bright stars glitter'd,
On the grass the moonlight shone,
From Aunt Dinah's quilting-party
I was seeing Nellie home.

When the autumn tinged the green-wood,
Turning all its leaves to gold,
In the lawn by the elders shaded,
I my love to Nellie told.
On the star-bespangled dome,
How I blest the August evening,
As we stood together gazing,
When I saw sweet Nellie home.
In the sky, &c.

White hairs mingled with my tresses,
Furrows stealing on my brow,
But a love smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now.
Matron in the snowy kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come,
Tell me, dost thou still remember
When I saw thee, sweet Nellie home?
In the sky, &c.

I'd offer Thee this Hand of Mine.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine
If I could love thee less,
But hearts as warm and pure as thine
Should never know distress.
My fortune is too hard for thee,
'Twould chill thy dearest joys;
I'd rather weep to see thee free,
Than win thee to destroy.

I'd offer thee, &c.

I'll leave thee in thy happiness
As one too dear to love;
As one I think on but to bless
As wretchedly I rove;
And oh! when sorrow's cup I drink
All bitter though it be,
How sweet t'will be for me to think
It holds no drop for thee.

I'd offer thee, &c.

But now my dreams are sadly o'er,
Fate bids them all depart,
And I must leave my native shore
In brokenness of heart;
And oh! dear one, when far from thee,
I'll ne'er know joy again;
I would not that one thought of me
Should give thy bosom pain.

I'd offer thee, &c.

Gum-Tree Canoe.

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On Tom bigbee river, so bright, I was born,
In a hut made ob husks ob de tall yaller corn;
An' dar I fust met wid my Julia so true,
An' I row'd her about in my Gum-tree canoe.

CHORUS.

Singing row away, row,
O'er de waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float,
In my Gum-tree canoe.

All de day in de field de soft cotton I hoe,
I tink of my Julia, an' sing as I go;
Oh, I catch her 'a bird wid a wing ob true blue,
An' at night sail her round in my Gum-tree canoe.

Singing row away, row, &c.

Wid my hands on de banjo, and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar,
While de stars dey look down on my Julia so true,
An' dance in her eye in my Gum-tree canoe.

Singing row away, row, &c.

But one night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An' it took us in tow wid my Gum-tree canoe.

Singing row away, row, &c.

Comin' thro' the Rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye ;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I ;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
And what the waur am I ?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I ;
But a' the lads they smile on me,
And what the waur am I ?

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town ;
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I ;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I ?

Thou hast Wounded the Spirit.

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,
 And cherished thine image for years ;
 Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
 In secret, in silence, and tears,
 As a young bird, when left by its mother
 Its earliest pinions to try,
 'Round the nest will still lingering hover,
 Ere its trembling wings can fly.

Thus we're taught in this cold world to smother
 Each feeling that once was so dear ;
 Like that young bird, I'll seek to discover
 A home of affection elsewhere.
 Tho' this heart may still cling to thee fondly,
 And dream of sweet memories past,
 Yet Hope, like the rainbow of summer,
 Gives a promise of Lethe at last.

Still so Gently o'er me Stealing.

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
 Mem'ry will bring back the feeling
 Spite of all my grief, revealing
 That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still,
 Tho' some other swain may charm thee,
 Ah! no other o'er can warm me—
 Yet ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,
 No! thou false one, no, no! I fondly love thee still.
 Ah! ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,
 No, false one, no! I love thee—
 I love thee, false one, still.

CHORUS—Still so gently o'er me stealing, &c.

We Met by Chance.

When evening brings the twilight hour,
I pass a lonely spot,
Where oft she comes to cull the flower,
We call "Forget-me-not."
She never whispers go, nor stay ;
She never whispers go, nor stay ;
We met by chance, the usual way,
We met by chance, the usual way
We met by chance,
We met by chance,
We met by chance, the usual way.

Once, how, I can not well divine,
Unless by chance we kiss'd,
I found her lips were close to mine,
So I could not resist ;
As neither whisper'd yea, nor nay,
As neither whisper'd yea, nor nay,
They met by chance, the usual way,
They met by chance, the usual way,
They met by chance,
They met by chance,
They met by chance, the usual way.

The roses, when the zephyrs woo,
Impart what they receive ;
They sigh and sip the balmy dew,
But never whisper give.
Our love is mutual, this we know,
Our love is mutual, this we know,
Though neither tells the other so,
Though neither tells the other so ;
Our love is mutual, this we know,
Though neither tells the other so.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly.

When the swallows homeward fly,
When the roses scatter'd lie,
When from neither hill nor dale,
Chaunts the silvery nightingale,

CHORUS.

In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart :
Shall we ever meet again ?
Parting ! ah ! parting, parting is pain.
Parting ! ah ! parting, parting is pain.

When the white swan southward roves,
There to seek the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest.

Chorus.—In these words, &c.

O poor heart ! whate'er befall,
There is rest for thee and all,
That on earth which fades away,
Comes again in bright array.

Chorus.—In these words, &c.

Will You Love Me then as Now.

You have told me that you love me,
And your heart's thought seems to speak,
As you look on me so fondly,
And the life-blood tints your cheek.
May I trust that these warm feelings,
Never will grow cold and strange,
And you'll remain unalter'd
In this weary world of change ?
When the shades of care and sorrow,
Dim my eyes and cloud my brow,
And my spirit sinks within me—
Will you love me then as now ?

Though our youth may pass uncloud'd
In a peaceful happy home,
Yet as year on year advances,
Changes must upon us come.
For the step w'll lose its lightness,
And the hair be changed to grey ;
Eyes once bright give up their luster,
And the hopes of youth decay
When all these have passed upon me,
And stern age has touched my brow,
Will the change find you unchanging ?
Will you love me then as now ?

Meet Me by Moonlight.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale.
 You must promise to come, for I said
 I would show the night-flowers their queen—
 Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
 Oh ! meet me by moonlight, alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free ;
 But there's something about the moon's ray,
 That is sweeter to you and to me.
 Oh ! remember be sure to be there.
 For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

Thou art gone from my Gaze.

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
 And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream,
 Oft I breath thy dear name to the winds floating by,
 But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's lone sigh.

In the stillness of night when the stars mildly shine,
 My heart fondly holds sweet communion with thine,
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
 That the spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

The Rose of Allendale.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her highland cot,
And wandered forth with me ;
Though flowers deck'd the mountain's side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allendale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,
Though fate began to lower,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour ;
When tempest lashed our gallant bark,
And rent her shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allendale

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land ;
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,
The Rose of Allendale.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer.

Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,
Hope points before, and shows a bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
Then farewell England, much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before ;
We'll not weep to sail in search of fortune,
Then farewell England, farewell evermore.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer for England, mother England,
Cheer, boys, cheer for the willing strong right hand,
Cheer boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor,
Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
And the world shall follow in the track we're going ;
The star of empire glitters in the West,
We've had a toil, and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer for England, mother England,
Cheer, boys, cheer, united heart and hand ;
Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor,
Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and happy land.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne?

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paid let i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

And there's a hand my trusty feire,
An' gies a hand o' thine;
An' we'll take a right gude willie waught,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

Norah M'Shane.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me,
To better my fortune I've cross'd the big sea;
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
And faith I'm as wretch'd as wretch'd can be;
I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the daisy,
The beautiful halls and the emerald plain,
And, ah! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy
About that black-eyed rogue, Norah M'Shane.

I sigh for the turf-pile so cheerfully burning,
When barefoot I trudged it from toiling afar,
When I toss'd in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
And whistled the tune of "Erin go Bragh."
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-heart'd,
To my country and love I must get back again
For I've never been happy at all since I part'd
From sweet Ballymornach and Norah M'Shane.

Oh! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,
Tho' the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch;
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,—
What music in lifting the rusty old latch!
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow,
My pockets were light, but my head had no pain;
And if I but live till the sun shines to-morrow,
I'll be off to dear Erin and Norah M'Shane.

Angel's Whisper.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far o'er the wide raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling,
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bend'd her knee ;
"Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them safely, my babe with me ;
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy the babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
The child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew.

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew,
Singing hey ! aloft and alow !
Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze !
The spray as sparkling thrown from her prow,
Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,
When homeward she's steering now !

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
With hearts aboard, both gallant and true,
The same aloft and alow,
The blackening sky, and the whistling wind,
Foretell the approach of a gale,
And a home and its joys flits over each mind ;
Husbands, lovers, on deck there ! a sail !
A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
Distress is the word, God speed them through,
Bear a hand aloft and alow !

A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
Freedom defends the land where it grew,
We're free aloft and alow !
Bearing down on a ship, in regal pride,
Defiance floating at each mast-head ;
She's wreck'd, and the one that floats alongside,
The stars and stripes that's to victory wed.
A Yankee ship, and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho ! you know !
Ne'er strikes to a foe while the sky is blue,
Or a tar aloft and alow !

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone :
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them ;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away ;
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

Something to Love Me.

Something to love me, something to bless,
Something to smile upon and to caress;
Something to fill up the void in my heart,
That will not, when sorrow comes o'er me, depart.
Something that loves not as summer friends love,
As true as the star in the blue realms above;
Something with instinct enough to believe,
That will not, like most of earth's proud ones deceive.

Something to love me, something to bless,
Something to smile upon and to caress;
Something to fill up the void in my heart,
That will not, when sorrow comes o'er me, depart.
Something to love me, something to pet,
Something that kindness can never forget;
Something that clings to me, even a bird,
In whose sweet music reproach is not heard.

Something to cheer me, and stay by my side,
That never will leave me, whate'er may betide,
That I may still in this hollow world find,
There's something still left to be loving and kind.
Something to love me, something to bless,
Something to smile upon and to caress;
Something to fill up the void in my heart,
That will not when sorrow comes o'er me, depart.

Sammy Slap, the Bill-Sticker.

I'm Sammy Slap, the bill-sticker, and you must all agree, sirs,
I sticks to business like a trump, and business sticks to me,
sirs;

The low folks call me plasterer, but they deserve a banging,
Because, genteelly speaking, why my trade is paper-hanging,

CHORUS.—With my paste, paste, paste,
Oh, all the world is puffing,
So I paste, paste, paste.

All 'round about the city now, when anything's the go, sirs,
You'll always find me at my post, a sticking up the posters;
I've hung Ned Forrest twelve feet high, and did it, sirs, quite
easy;

And I've been engaged, too, lately, both by Mario and Grisi.

CHORUS.—With my paste, &c.

I'm not like some in our trade, they deserve their jackets
laced, sirs,

They stick up half their bosses bills, and sells the rest for
waste, sirs;

Now honesty's best policy, with a good name to retire with,
So what I doesn't use myself—my old girl lights the fire with.

CHORUS.—With my paste, &c.

Sometimes I'm jobbing for the church with charitable ser-
mons,

And sometimes for the theatres, the English and the Ger-
mans;

To me, of course, no odds it is, so long as I'm a winner—
Whether I sticks up for a saint, or hangs up for a sinner.

CHORUS.—With my paste, &c.

There's Jenny Lind, I'm proud to say—sweet music's great
adorner,

I've had the honor of posting her in every hole and corner;
Alboni, too, so nice and plump, I've stuck her up that's cer-
tain—

And I've plastered Mrs. Mowatt, right on top of Billy Burton.

CHORUS.—With my paste, &c.

Well now before I say good-bye, permit me to remind ye,
That round about the city here, you're always sure to find me;
And if ever you shall have a job—to show how I deserve ye,
About the town, through thick and thin, I'll brush along to
serve ye.

CHORUS.—With my paste, &c.

Roll on Silver Moon.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
About the beginning of June,
'Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complain'd to the moon.
Roll on silver moon, guide the traveler's way,
When the nightingale's song is in tune,
But never, never more with my lover I'll stray,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Roll on, &c.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,
So handsome, so manly, and clever;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
Oh, Edwin, thy equal was never.
But now he is dead, and gone to death's bed,
He's cut down like a rose in full bloom;
He's fallen asleep, and poor Jane's left to weep,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Roll on, &c.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,
And weep for my lover so brave,
I'll embrace the cold turf and wash with my tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave;
But never again shall my bosom know joy
With my Edwin I hope to be soon;
Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

Mary of Argyle.

I have heard the mavis singing,
His love-song to the morn,
I have seen the dew-drops clinging,
To the rose just newly born ;
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
I have seen an eye still brighter,
Than the dew-drops on the rose—
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Though thy step may lose its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue,
Still to me shalt thou be dearer,
Than all the world can own.
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone,—
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears of childhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one, who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

'Tis Midnight Hour.

'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,
 The dew-drops play beneath her ray;
 The twinkling stars their trembling light,
 Like beauty's eyes display.
 Then sleep no more, though 'round thy heart
 Some tender dream may idly play,
 For midnight song with magic art,
 Shall chase that dream away.

'Tis midnight hour, from flower to flower
 The wayward zephyr floats along,
 Or lingers in some shady bower,
 To hear the night-bird's song.
 Then sleep no more, though 'round thy heart
 Some tender dream may idly play,
 For midnight song with magic art,
 Shall chase that dream away.

The Ingle Side.

It's rare to see the morning breeze,
 Like a bonfire frae the sea;
 It's fair to see the burnie kiss,
 The lip o' the flowery lea.
 An' fine it is on green hillside,
 Where hums the busy bee;
 But rarer, fairer, finer far,
 Is the Ingle side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans fair,
 The birds may fill the tree;
 And haughs hae a' the scented ware,
 That simmer growth can gie;
 But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
 An' the darling o' our e'e,
 That makes to us a warld complete—
 Oh! the Ingle side for me.

Twilight Dews.

When twilight dew's are falling fast,
 Upon the rosy sea;
 I watch that star whose beams so oft
 Hath lighted me to thee.
 And thou, too, one that was so dear,
 Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
 And think, though lost forever here,
 Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven?

There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see—
 But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
 Some joy I've lost with thee.
 And now I wish that hour was near,
 When friends and foes forgiven—
 The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
 May turn to smiles in heaven.

Napolitaine.

Napolitaine, I am dreaming of thee,
 I'm hearing thy foot-falls so joyous and free,
 Thy dark, flashing eyes are intertwining me yet,
 Thy voice with its music I ne'er can forget;
 I'm far from the land of thy own sunny home,
 Alone in this wide world with sorrow I roam;
 In the halls of the gay or wherever it be,
 Still Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

Napolitaine, art thou thinking of me?
 Hath absence not banished my memory from thee?
 Remember our meetings, their whispers to keep,
 When bright eyes were calling all lovers to sleep?
 And yet would I not have a shade on thy brow,
 As bright as though 'twere lit is thine on me now,
 For 'tis memory that brings all thy beauty to me;
 Still, Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee,
 Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee,
 Napolitaine, I'm dreaming of thee.

The Gay Cavalier.

'Twas a beautiful night, and the stars shone bright,
 And the moon o'er the waters played,
 When a gay cavalier to a bower drew near,
 A maid to serenade ;
 To tenderest words he swept the chords,
 And many a sigh heaved he,
 While o'er and o'er he fondly swore,
 Sweet maid I love but thee.

Sweet maid, sweet maid, } Repeat.
 Sweet maid I love but thee.

He raised his eyes to her lattice high,
 While he softly breathed his hopes,
 With amazement he sees, swing about in the breeze,
 Already a ladder of ropes,
 Up, up he has gone, the bird is flown,
 "What is this on the ground?" quoth he ;
 "Oh it's plain that she loves, here's some gentleman's
 gloves,
 She is off, and it's not with me."

For these gloves, these gloves, } Repeat.
 They never belonged to me.

Of course you'd have thought he'd have followed and
 fought,
 As that was a dueling age,
 But this gay cavalier, he quite scorned the idea
 Of putting himself in a rage ;
 More wise by far, he put up his guitar,
 And as homeward he went, sung he,
 "When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes,
 She may go to Hong Kong for me."

She may go, she may go, } Repeat.
 She may go to Hong Kong for me.

Last Week I Took a Wife.

Last week I took a wife,
 And when I first did woo her,
 I vow'd to stick through life,
 Like Cobler's wax unto her,
 But soon we went to some mishap,
 To loggerheads together,
 And when my wife began to strap,
 Why I began to leather.

Fal lal de ral lal lal de ral lal ra,
 Oh, I began to leather.

My wife without her shoes,
 Is hardly three feet seven,
 And I to all Men's views,
 Am 'full five feet eleven.
 So when to take her down some pegs,
 I drubb'd her neat and clever;
 She made a bolt right through my legs,
 And ran away forever.

When she was gone, good lack !
 My hair like hog's hair bristle,
 I thought she'd ne'er come back,
 So went to work and whistled.
 Then let her go, I've got my stall,
 Which may no robber rifle,
 'Twould break my heart to lose my awl,
 To lose my wife's a trifle.

Dumbarton's Bonnie Dell.

There's no a nook in a the land,
 By mountain, moss or fell,
 There's naething half sae canty, grand
 As blithe Dumbarton's dell.
 And wou'd you speir the reason why,
 The truth I'll fairly tell.
 A winsome lassie lives hard by
 Dumbarton's bonnie dell.
 Up by yon glen Loch Lomond laves,
 And bold Macgregors dwell,
 Where bogles dance o'er heroe's graves,
 There lives Dumbarton's belle.
 She's blest with every charm in life,
 And this I know full well,
 I'll ne'er be happy, till my wife,
 Is blithe Dumbarton's belle.

Charity.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
 Chief among the blessed three,
 Turning sadness into gladness,
 Heaven-born art thou, Charity!
 Pity dwelleth in thy bosom;
 Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
 Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee;
 Judgment hath in thee no part.
 Hoping ever, failing never;
 Though deceived, believing still;
 Long abiding, all confiding
 To thy Heavenly Father's will;
 Never weary of well-doing,
 Never fearful of the end;
 Claiming all mankind as brothers,
 Thou dost all alike befriend.

The Monks of old.

Many have told of the monks of old,
What a saintly race they were,
But 'tis most true, that a merrier crew
Could scarce be found elsewhere !
For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd,
And lived on the daintiest cheer !
For they laugh'd ha ! ha ! and they quaff'd ha ! ha !
And lived on the daintiest cheer !

And then they would jest at the love confess'd
By many an artless Maid,
And what hopes and fears they had breath'd in the ears,
Of those who had sought their aid !
And they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd,
As they told of each love-sick jade !
And they laugh'd ha ! ha ! and they quaff'd ha ! ha !
As they told of each love-sick jade !

And the Abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
Was the heartiest of them all ;
And would take his place with a smiling face,
When refection bell would call !
When they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd,
Till they shook the olden wall !
And they laugh'd ha ! ha ! and they quaff'd ha ! ha !
Till they shook the olden wall !

Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still,
For a jovial band they were !
And 'tis most true, that a merrier crew
Could not be found elsewhere !
For they sung and laugh'd, &c.

Bashful Young Man.

They say I shall get over it, but no, I never can;
 You've no conception what it is to be a bashful man;
 I—I—oh dear, I quite forget what I was going to say,
 But would the ladies be so good as look another way?
 I'd give—I don't know what I'd not, if it were not the case,
 But it's a fact—I can not look a lady in the face;
 I'd rather face—I would, indeed—I know I am a fool—
 I'd rather face a crocodile, than meet a ladies' school.

At parties, when, like other men, I'm ask'd if I won't dance,
 I blush and fidget with my gloves, and wish myself in France,
 And while I'm standing stammering, and hanging down
 my head,
 Some sandy-whisker'd coxcomb leads the lady out instead.
 I did just touch a lady's hand, last night, in a quadrille,
 Oh, goodness, how my heart did beat! it's palpitating still.
 While my young brother, fresh from school, to show you
 how I'm teaz'd,
 Said, "Frank, why what a 'muff' you are, girls like their
 fingers squeez'd."

How am I to get married? I shall never have a wife,
 I could never make an offer, I'm convinced, to save my life;
 There's the "quizzing" by the sisters, and the "questions"
 by mamma,
 And the "pumping" that one goes through, in the study,
 by papa;
 Then there's that horrid honey-moon, the journey with a
 bride,
 And grinning post-boys looking back, and no one else in-
 side;
 Oh my, the very thought of it quite takes away my breath,
 I'm certain, at the wedding, I should blush myself to
 death.

Down the Burn, Davy, Love.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e,—
Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the burn, Davy, love,
And I will follow thee."

Now Davy did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the burn, Davy, love,
And I will follow thee."

Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,
Her een was bonny blue,
Her locks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the burn, Davy, love,
And I will follow thee."

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her ;
There plight'd her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her ;
No more asham'd to own her love,
Or speak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the burn, Davy, love,
And I will follow thee."

Call Me Pet Names.

Call me pet names, dearest—call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word;
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er thinking of flight,
That tenderly sings there, in loving delight.
O, my sad heart is pining for one fond word!
Call me pet names, dearest—call me thy bird.

Call me fond names, dearest—call me a star,
Whose smiles beaming welcome thou feelest from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
When the night-time of sorrow steals over life's sea.
O, trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are!
Call me pet names, darling—call me thy star.

Call me sweet names, darling—call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour;
That droops when its heaven, thy love, grows cold;
That shrinks from the wick'd, the false, and bold;
That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower.
Call me pet names, darling—call me a flower.

Call me dear names, darling—call me thine own;
Speak to me always in love's low tone;
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold;
Let my fond worship thy being enfold;
Love me forever, and love me alone;
Call me pet names, darling—call me thine own.

Dermot Astore.

Oh! Dermot Astore, between waking and sleeping,
 I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;
 Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping,
 'Til Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.

Oh, tell me, my own love, is this our last meeting?
 Shall we wander no more in Killarney's green bowers,
 To watch the bright sun o'er the dim hills retreating,
 And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring flowers?

CHORUS.—Oh! Dermot Astore, &c.

Oh! Dermot Astore, how this fond heart would flutter,
 When I met thee by night in a shady boreen,
 And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter
 Those words of endearment, "Mavourneen Colleen."
 I know we must part, but oh! say not forever,
 That it may be for years adds enough to my pain;
 But I'll cling to the hope that, though now we must sever,
 In some bless'd hour I shall meet thee again.

CHORUS.—Oh! Dermot Astore, &c.

Ever of Thee.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming;
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
 Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,
 Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.
 Still in my heart thy form I cherish;
 Every kind thought, like a bird, flies to thee;
 Ah! never, till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me;
 Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
 Wandering afar, my soul joy'd to dwell;
 Ah! then I felt I loved thee only;
 All seem'd to fade before affection's spell;
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish;
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee;
 Ah! never till life, &c.

Hark I Hear an Angel Sing.

Hark ! I hear an angel sing—
 Angels now are on the wing;
 And their voices singing clear,
 Tell us that the Spring is near.
 Dost thou hear them, gentle one ?
 Dost thou see the glorious sun,
 Rising higher in the sky.
 As each day, as each day it passes by ?

CHORUS.—Hark I hear an angel sing—
 Angels now are on the wing;
 And their voices singing clear,
 Tell us that the spring is near.

Just beyond yon cliffs of snow,
 Silver rivers brightly flow ;
 Smiling woods and fields are seen,
 Mantled in a robe of green.
 Birds and bees, and brooks, and flowers,
 Tell us of all vernal hours.
 There the birds are weaving lays,
 For the happy, happy Spring-time days.

Look ! oh, look ! the southern sky
 Mirrors flowers of every dye ;
 Children tripping o'er the plain :
 Spring is coming back again—
 Spring is coming ! shouts of glee ;
 Singing birds on bush and tree ;
 And the bees—their merry hums ;
 For the Spring-time comes, it comes, it comes !

John Anderson, My Jo, John.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when nature first began,
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man ;
And ye amang them a', John, sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be na' journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na' think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim
and neat ;
There's some folks say ye're old, John, but I ne'er think
you so,
For ye are a' the same to me, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when we were first acquant,
Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonnie brow
was brent ;
But now ye're getting auld, John, your locks are like the
snaw ;
Yet blessing on that frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, frae year to year we've
past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our
last ;
But let not that affright us, John ; our hearts were ne'er
our foe ;
Tho' the days are gane that we have seen, John Ander-
son, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we've clamb'd the hill the-
gither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll
go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

The Grave of Uncle True.

Beside the worn and moss-grown rock,
The ivy vine doth cling,
And the blue-bird from the shahowy oak,
Folds up his trembling wing;
And there until the vesper hour.
His song comes sweet and low—
A requiem to the faithful heart
That slumbereth below.

CHORUS.—Poor Uncle True,
Poor Uncle True,
And the lamps of heaven shine brightly down
On the grave of Uncle True.

His pilgrimage on earth is done—
His life of toil is o'er,
And summer's gale or winter's wail,
Shall meet his ear no more.
Death's shadow hides his sleeping form,
And veils him from our view,
But the spirit of the past still dwells
Round the grave of Uncle True.

The chaplet wreathed by Gerty's hand,
Of roses white and red,
Unheeded in their freshness lie
Above his lowly head;
And the evening cricket's chirp is heard,
When falls the pearly dew,
And the lamps of heaven shine brightly down,
On the grave of Uncle True.

A Dollar or Two.

With cautious step, as we tread our way through
 This intricate world as other folks do,—
 May we still on our journey be able to view,
 The benevolent face of a dollar or two.

CHORUS.

For an excellent thing is a dollar or two,
 No friend is so true as a dollar or two;
 Through country and town, as we pass up or down,
 No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of the bachelor crew
 And the hand of a female divinity sue?
 You must always be ready the handsome to do,
 Although it may cost you a dollar or two.

CHORUS.

Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
 And affection is gain'd by a dollar or two;
 The best aid you can meet in advancing your suit,
 Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
 And enrol in the ranks of the sanctified few?
 To enjoy a good name and a well-cushion'd pew,
 You must freely come down with a dollar or two.

CHORUS.

The gospel is preach'd for a dollar or two,
 And salvation is claim'd for a dollar or two;
 You may sin some at times, but the worst of all crimes,
 Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.

Dilla Burn.

I loved a little colored girl,
She lived in Tennessee,
She was not much to any one,
But all the world to me.
Her master used her very hard,
But mine, he used me well;
And how I pitied this poor girl,
There's none but me can tell.

CHORUS.

I loved her long, I loved her strong,
She loved me in return;
But she left one day, and went away,
My pretty Dilla Burn.

My heart grew sad, I could not work,
And master wondered why;
I told him how she left one day,
And never said good-bye.
'Twas then I learn'd from his dear lip
That Dilla had been sold;
And how we severed had to be,
For a petty sum of gold.
I loved her long, &c.

But after that, it was not long,
Poor Dilla's owner died;
When master bought her, good and kind,
And gave her as my bride.
And now we're happy in our cot,
And master's pleased to see
How two fond hearts, that fondly loved,
Though black, can happy be.
I loved her long, &c.

A Man's a Man for a' That.

Is there for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be puir for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that,

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden gray and a' that ?
 Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their tinsel show and a' that ;
 The honest man though e'er sae puir,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that ;
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that ;
 That man to man the warld o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

William of the Ferry.

Near Clyde's gay stream there lived a maid,
Whose mind was chaste and pure ;
Content she lived in humble life,
Beloved by all who knew her ;
Protected 'neath her parents' roof,
Her time pass'd on quite merry ;
She loved and was beloved again,
By William of the Ferry.

From morning's dawn till set of sun,
Would William labor hard ;
And then at evening's glad return,
He gain'd a sweet reward.
With heart so light, unto her cot,
He tripp'd so light and merry ;
All daily toils were soon forgot
By William of the Ferry.

With joy their parents gave consent,
And fix'd their bridal day :
Ere it arrived, the press-gang came,
And forced poor Will away !
He found resistance was in vain—
They dragg'd him from his wherry
"I ne'er shall see my love again!"
Cried William of the Ferry.

Loud blew the raging winds around,
When scarce a league from shore ;
The boat upset—the ruffian crew
Soon sunk, to rise no more.
While William, fearless, braved the waves,
And safely reach'd his wherry :
Peace was proclaim'd—and Jane's now blest
With William of the Ferry.

We'll have a Little Dance, To-Night, Boys.

Oh, listen to this good old tune,
And then I'll sing another,
Oh, Massa's gone this afternoon,
To call upon his brother.
So darkies wait a little while,
Till he gets out ob sight,
We'll drop the shovel and the hoe,
And have a little dance to night.

CHORUS.

We'll have a little dance to-night, boys,
And dance by the light of the moon.

I want the cambric handkerchief,
I want the beaver hat,
Oh, hand me down the high-heel'd boots,
Likewise the silk cravat.
The darkies all are grinning,
Their teeth look very white,
'Case they're going over the mountain,
To have a little dance to-night.
To have a little dance, &c.

I get up at the break of day,
To take my morning walk;
I meets my lovely Julian,
And this is the way we talk:
"I say, you are my only love,
You are my heart's delight,
Won't you go over the river,
To have a little dance to night?"
We'll have a little dance, &c.

Johnny was a Shoemaker.

My Johnny was a shoemaker,
And dearly he loved me ;
My Johnny he was a shoemaker,
But now he's gone to sea.
With nasty tar to soil his hands,
And sail across the briny sea.
My Johnny was a shoemaker !

His jacket was a deep sky blue,
And curly was his hair ;
His jacket was a deep sky blue,
It was, I do declare.
To reef the top-sails he has gone,
To sail across the briny sea.
My Johnny was a shoemaker !

A Captain he will be bye and bye,
With the sword and spy-glass too ;
A Captain he will be bye and bye,
With a brave and valiant crew,
And when he gets a vessel of his own,
He'll come back and marry me.
My Johnny was a shoemaker !

And when I am a Captain's wife,
I'll sing the whole day long ;
Yes, when I am a Captain's wife,
And this shall be my song :
May peace and plenty bless our days,
And the little one on my knee.
My Johnny was a shoemaker !

Camptown Races.

Camptown ladies, sing dis song,—Du da, du da,
 Camptown races track five miles long,—Du da, du da da.
 Go down dar wid my hat caved in,—Du da, du da,
 Come back home wid pocket full ob tin,—Du da, du da da.

CHORUS.

Gwine to run all night,
 Gwine to run all day,
 I'll bet my money on de bob-tail hoss,
 Somebody bet on de bay.

Woolly moon came on de track,—Du da, du da,
 Bob, he fling him ober his back—Du da, du da da.
 Runnin' along like a shootin' star,—Du da, du da,
 Runnin' a race wid de rail-road car,—Du da, du da da.
 Gwine to run all night, &c.

De bob-tail horse he can't be beat,—Du da, du da,
 Runnin' around in a two-mile heat,—Du da, du da da.
 I win my money on de bob-tail nag,—Du da, du da,
 An' carry it home in de old tow-bag,—Du da, du da da.
 Gwine to run all night, &c.

Dar's fourteen horses in dis race,—Du da, du da,
 I'm snug in saddle, and got good brace,—Du da, du da da.
 De sorrel horse he's got a cough,—Du da, du da,
 An' his rider's drunk in de ole hay-loft,—Du da, du da da.
 Gwine to run all night, &c.

Wake! Dinah, Wake!

Wake! Dinah, wake! the bright moon is beaming
 O'er the meadow, the corn-field, and the hill;
 And the stars, though no brighter than thy bright eyes,
 Are gleaming o'er the earth, all so calm and still.
 The violet in the glade is sleeping,
 The lily is bending o'er the rill,
 The rose in tears of pearly dew-drops weeping,
 Near the river that flows calmly by the mill.

CHORUS.

Wake! Dinah, wake! the bright moon is beaming
 O'er the meadow, the corn-field, and the hill;
 And the stars, though no brighter than thy bright eyes,
 Are gleaming o'er the earth all so calm and still.

Wake! Dinah, wake! the gentle breeze is blowing,
 The bird's notes still hush'd in the grove;
 The ivy around the sturdy oak is growing,
 Clinging fondly as though something still to love
 The shining river views it as onward rolling by,
 And as on golden sands the ripples break,
 In sweet enchanting tones it seems to murmur,
 Wake, now, my dearest Dinah, wake!

CHORUS.—Wake! Dinah, wake, &c.

Wake! Dinah, wake! and open thy lattice,
 My heart, love, can brook no delay,
 How dearly I love to thy sweet voice to listen,
 More sweet than the lark's morning lay.
 Then come, dearest, come, for each throb of my heart
 Speaks in language which love can not mistake,
 So true that from thee I can not depart,
 Then wake, now, my dearest Dinah, wake!
 CHORUS.—Wake! Dinah, wake, &c.

Umbrella Courtship.

A belle and a beau would walking go,
 In love they both were pining;
 The wind in gentle gales did blow,
 An April sun was shining.
 Though Simon long had courted Miss,
 He knew he'd acted wrong in
 Not having dared to steal a kiss,
 Which set her quite a longing—Tol ol ol.

It so occurred as they did walk,
 And viewed each dale so flow'ry,
 As Simon by her side did stalk,
 Declared the sky looked show'ry.
 The rain came to her like a drug,
 When loudly he did bellow,
 "Look here, my love, we can be snug,
 For I've got an umbrella"—Tol ol ol.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss;
 Now Simon was a droll one,
 He thought this was the time to kiss,
 So from her lips he stole one.
 She blushed;—the rain left off, and he
 The umbrella closed for draining;
 "Oh don't," says she, "I plainly see,
 It has'nt left off raining."—Tol ol ol.

Now Simon when he smoked the plan,
 The umbrella righted,
 He grew quite bold, talked like a man,
 And she seemed quite delighted
 Their lips rang chimes full fifty times,
 Like simple lovers training;
 Says she "These are but lover's crimes;
 I hope it won't leave off raining."—Tol ol ol.

Before they reached the door that night,
 He all his love did tell her,
 She said when you a courting come,
 Don't forget your umbrella.
 They married were, had children dear,
 Eight round-faced little fellows;
 And strange to state the whole of the eight,
 Were marked with umbrellas,—Tol ol ol.

The Lily of the West.

I just came down from Louisville, some pleasure for to
find,
A handsome girl from Michigan, so pleasing to my mind ;
Her rosy cheeks and rolling eyes like arrows pierced my
breast,
They call her handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

I court'd her for many a day, her love I thought to gain,
Too soon, too soon she slighted me, which caused me
grief and pain ;
She robb'd me of my liberty—deprived me of my rest,
They call her handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

One evening as I rambled down by yon shady grove,
I met a lord of high degree, conversing with my love ;
He sang, he sang so merrily, while I was sore oppress'd,
He sang for handsome Mary, the Lily of the West.

I rushed upon my rival, a dagger in my hand,
I tore him from my true love, and boldly made him stand ;
Being mad to desperation, my dagger pierced his breast,
I was betray'd by Mary, the Lily of the West.

Now my trial has come on, and sentenced soon I'll be,
They put me in the criminal box and there convicted me,
She so deceived the jury, so modestly did dress,
She far outshone bright Venus—the Lily of the West.

Since then I've gain'd my liberty, I'll rove the country
through,
I'll travel the city over, to find my loved one true ;
Although she stole my liberty, and deprived me of my
rest,
I love my Mary, the Lily of the West.

The Watcher.

The night was dark and fearful,
 The blast swept wailing by,
 A watcher, pale and tearful,
 Look'd forth with anxious eye;
 How wistfully she gazeth,
 No gleam of morn is there;
 Her eyes to heaven she raiseth
 In agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
 Where want and darkness reign,
 Her precious child, her only,
 Lay moaning in his pain;
 And death alone can-free him,
 She felt that this must be,
 But oh, for morn to see him
 Smile once again on me.

A hundred lights are glancing
 In yonder mansion fair,
 And merry feet are dancing,
 They heed not morning there;
 Oh, young and joyous creatures,
 One lamp from out your store
 Would give that young boy's features
 To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining,
 She heedeth not its ray,
 Beside her dead reclining,
 The pale, dead mother lay.
 A smile her lips was wreathing,
 A smile of hope and love,
 As though she still were breathing,
 "There's light for us above."

The Old Arm-Chair.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs!
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
A sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worship'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in the old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it! and can not tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Grave of Bonaparte.

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On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billow,
Assail the stern rock and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners lean'd over the grave;
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain,
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee,
For like thine own eagle that soar'd to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name, which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
That rush'd but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas! they have perish'd in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Whoop De Doodle Do.

Simon had a son born, Whoop de doodle do ;

Simon had a son born, Whoop de doodle do.

Simon had a son born,

You'd think she was a daughter—

Yaller Sal de Georgia gal,

And de big bug in de water.

CHORUS.

What's de matter Susan, what's de matter, my dear ?

What's de matter Susan, I'm gwine 'way to leab you.

India rubber overcoat, Whoop de doodle do ;

India rubber overcoat, Whoop de doodle do.

India rubber overcoat,

Taffy candy shoes—

Nigger on de Telegraph,

Reading up de news.

What's de matter, Susan, &c.

De ole mare she kick high, Whoop de doodle do ;

De ole mare she kick high, Whoop de doodle do.

De ole mare she kick high,

De colt begin to prance—

De ole sow whistle a jig,

For de pigs to dance.

What's de matter Susan, &c.

Nigger on de wood-pile, Whoop de doodle do ;

Nigger on de wood-pile, Whoop de doodle do ;

Nigger on de wood-pile,

Can't count eleben—

Put him in a fedder bed,

He think he's gwine to heaben.

What's de matter, Susan, &c.

Sourkrout and Sausages.

I marry my frow—some childer I gets
 As fat as little pigs,
 Dey eat me out of my house un home
 Un boterr me mit some rigs.

CHORUS.—Sourkrout un Sausages—
 Schnapps un lager bier,
 I wish I was home mit my frow,
 As any place but here.

My frow do noting but scold and scratch,
 Un weare my breeches, too ;
 When I open my mouth she takes a stick
 Un beats me black and blue.

Sourkrout un Sausages, etc.

I live mit her as long as I can,
 Den I runs away—
 To list for a soldier un Basastopole,
 To fight for a shilling a day.

Sourkrout un Sausages, etc.

De army is bad as tounge of my frow,
 It is as worse by far—
 De Russias stick me if I goes on front
 Un I'm killed if I go to de rear.

Sourkrout and Sausages, etc.

All you men has got frows yus'e dake mine advice,
 Un put up mit dere ire,
 To list for a soldier is jumping out
 Of de frying pan into the fire.

Sourkrout un Sausages, etc.

The Musical Wife.

How I wish that my wife would not practice all day,
My head it is ready to split,
It snows, so I can not get out of her way,
But at home all the morning must sit.
How little I thought, when I first heard her sing,
And hung o'er her harp with delight,
The sorrows a musical partner might bring,
Who would practice from morning till night.
Oh! beware ye young men of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

"Eliza, my love, I've a letter to write
Pray cease for a moment, my dear,"
"Good heavens!" she cries, "you forget that to-night
Ned Seguin and Frazer 'll be here :
Anguera has promis'd to bring his Guitar,
Rametti will play on the Flute,
So I'm trying a second to 'Young Lochinvar,'
Which Miss Stone will perform on her Lute!"
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

Last week, in the Senate, on Tuesday's debate,
We never divided till three,
When, tir'd and exhausted, I hurried home late,
How I long'd for a cup of green tea :
But, alas, neither tea nor repose could I get,
For Keyser, and Lange, were there,
And my wife was performing a fav'rite quartette,
So I went to the Club in despair,
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

An office was vacant—the postmaster gave,
 The place to my brother through me,
 I was out—so the messenger carried his note
 To Eliza—whilst singing a glee.
 But, surrounded, alas! by her musical choir
 My wife could not think of my brother;
 So the luckless appointment was toss'd in the fire,
 And the office—was given to *another*,
 Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
 For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!
 Yet they tell me, alas! that I ought, to be blest,
 In a wife with so perfect an ear—
 Deaf husbands!—Oh, knew ye the blessings of rest,
 Ye would ne'er be so anxious to hear!
 I, alas! have discover'd my folly too late—
 Take warning by me—whilst you can—
 When you hear a fine voice—Oh! remember my fate!
 I'm a wretched—unfortunate man!
 Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
 For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

Sambo, I have Missed You.

Oh, Sambo, is it you, dear, come down to see me now?
 I heard you in the barn-yard hollering at the cow;
 The pigs were squealing loudly, and the rusters they did crow,
 For they knew that welcome footstep of Dinah's lovely beau;
 But the rusters stopp'd their crowing, and the pigs couldn't
 squeal,
 When at the feet of Dina this bewitching Sam did kneel.

Your voice was like the night owl, sitting on the the tree,
 The echoes of that lovely voice were like the bumble bee,
 Making music on my ear, like sticks on a drum;
 Oh, Sambo, I have miss'd you, I thought you'd never come;
 But my heart rejoiced once't more, when I heard you again,
 Oh, Sambo, I loved you, but I fear it is in vain.

Oh, Dina, I have wrong'd you, I know I have proved unkind'
 But now we've come together, love, we'll just make up our
 mind;
 I have thought of you in the field, when hoeing up the corn,
 And often I have wish'd, love, that I was never born;
 But the day is pass'd now, love, I know that it is gone,
 To-morrow we will go to church, and there become one.

The Tail iv Me Coat.

I larned me reading an' writing,
 At Ballyragget where I wint to school,
 'Twas there I first took to fighting,
 With the schoolmaster Misther O'Toole ;
 He and I there had many a scrimmage,
 The divil a copy I wrote,
 But not a gossoon in the village,
 Dare thread on the tail iv me coat.

I an illigant hand was at courting,
 For lessons I took in the art,
 Till Cupid, that blaggard, while sporting,
 A big arrow sint smack through me heart ;
 Miss O'Connor, I lived straight fornnist her,
 And tindher lines to her I wrote,
 Who dare say a black word against her,
 Why I'd thread on the tail iv his coat.

A bog-trotter wan, Mickey Mulvany,
 He tried for to coax her away ;
 He had money an' I hadn't any,
 So a challenge I sint him wan day ;
 Next morning we met at Killhealy,
 The Shannon we cross'd in a boat,
 There I lather'd him with me shillely,
 For he trod on the tail iv me coat.

Me fame spread through the nation,
 Folks flock for to gaze upon me,
 All cry out without hesitation,
 "Och, yer a fightin' man, Mickey Magee !"
 I fought with the Finegan faction,
 We bate all the Murphies afloat,
 If inclined for a row or a ruction,
 Why, I'd tread on the tail of their coat.

The Ivy Green.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er the ruins old;
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lonely and cold.
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd
 To please his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old head hath he;
 How closely he twineth—how tightly he elings
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!
 And sliely he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where grim death hath been,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and works decay'd,
 And nations have scatter'd been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten on the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise.
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where grim death hath been,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Kind Relations.

We all have our share of the ups and the downs,
 Whatever our rank or station;
 And he's sure to get the most scoffs and frowns,
 Who depends on his kind relations;
 For it's all very well once or twice to drop in,
 To ask for a trifling favor,
 But on the third time they are sure to begin,
 To construe it to bad behaviour.
 There's your relations! kind relations!
 There's your kind relations!

I speak from experience, and you'll find,
 Though often they invite you,
 When poverty comes close behind,
 How quick then they'll slight you.
 For it's—"Clear the way—there's a knock at the door—
 Say we're gone out for a ride, John—
 I know who it is—it's that hungry bore;
 Don't open the door too wide, John."

My goods were one day seized for rent—
 The broker took his station;
 Pale and trembling, off I went
 To try each kind relation.
 Some hemm'd, some ha'd, and some looked cool,
 With faces of grief and sorrow;
 My twin-brother said he had made it a rule
 Never to lend or borrow.

I thought in my sister to find a friend,
 But soon she undeceived me,
 By saying—"These are not times too lend,
 I would, if I could, relieve thee."
 "A trifle, dear sister, would keep me afloat,
 I shall sink if you do not arrange it."
 She said she'd not less than a twenty-pound note,
 And she couldn't find time to change it.

I lost my goods, but found that day—
 (Though 'gainst me they had sinned all)—
 Death summoned a rich old friend away,
 Who left me a tidy windfall.
 And then how they altered from what they'd just said,
 Their cant, it was really provoking,
 To hear them exclaim, as each hung down his head,
 "Lord! Tom, we were only a joking."

Now, who in the world so blest as me,
 With so many kind relations?
 I am asked to dinner, to supper, to tea,
 I've a hundred invitations!
 But their crawling presents I daily return,
 Their kindness to me they may scant it,
 For I hate those cold hearts that would poverty scorn,
 And give to those who don't want it.

Och! Paddy, is it Yerself?

Och, Pat, is it yerself indade, safe agin to home?
 Sure, Bridget told a lie! faith, she said you wouldn't come,
 I heerd yerself a' coming, and it made my dander rise,
 'Dade I knowed yer drunken footstep and yer rummy voice.
 'Twas sorrow to my ears in the avenin's awful gloom—
 Och, Paddy, sure, tell me now, where did you get yer rum?

We's afraid yer would come nightly, but this night of all,
 We let the fire go out, 'cause we's going to the ball,
 The childers wud set up till nine o'clock and past,
 Till they wud say they knowed that their papa was lost,
 An' they hoped yer wud be sober when yer did get home,
 Och, Patrick, tell me truly, where did you get yer rum?

The days were glad without you, the nights were spent in revel,
 And now you have come home, Pat, you drunken divil;
 Last night I sung and danced by the moon's gentle ray,
 Till I thought I heerd yer voice, when I stopped right away;
 But I soon resumed my sport when I found you had not come,
 Och, Pat, yer drunken rowdy, why did yer come home?

The Gambler's Wife.

Dark is the night! how dark! no light—no fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire;
Shivering, she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged his love—last year a bride!

Hark! 'tis his footstep!—No: 'tis past—'tis gone!
Tic! tic!—how wearily the time rolls on.
Why should he leave me thus? he once was kind,
And I believed 'twould last,—oh, how mad, how blind!

Rest thee, my babe, rest on,—'tis hunger's cry!
Sleep: for there is no food: the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearing work have done;
My heart must break—and thou, my child!—Hush! the
clock strikes one!

Hush! 'tis the dice-box—yes! he's there—he's there!
For this he leaves me to despair;
Leaves love—leaves truth—his wife—his child—for what?
The gambler's fancied bliss—the gambler's horrid lot!

Yet I'll not curse him,—no: 'tis all in vain;
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again;
And I could starve and bless him, but my child, for you,—
Oh, fiend! oh, fiend!—Hush! the clock strikes two!

Hark, how the sign-board creaks,—the blast howls by;
Moan, moan, ye winds, through the cloudy sky.
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes, he comes once more;
No, 'tis but the lattice-flaps—my hope, my hope is o'er!

Can he desert us thus? he knows I stay
Night after night, in loneliness to pray,
For his return, and yet he sees no tear;
No, no, it can not be, oh! he will be here;

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart;
Thou art cold—thou art freezing!—but we will not part!
Husband! I die!—Father! it is not he,
Oh, God, protect my child!—Hush! the clock strikes three!

They're gone,—the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are number'd with the dead;
On the cold earth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
The babe lies frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler comes at last, but all is o'er,—
Dread silence reigns around,—the clock strikes four!

The Poor Little Fisherman's Girl.

It was down in the country a poor girl was weeping,
 It was down in the country poor Mary Ann did mourn;
 She belonged to this nation—I have lost each dear relation,
 Cried a poor little fisherman's girl, my friends are dead
 and gone.

Oh, who has a soft heart to give me some shelter,
 For the winds do blow, and dreadful is the storm?
 I have no father nor mother, but I've a tender brother,
 Cried a poor little fisherman's girl, my friends are dead
 and gone.

Oh, once I had enjoyment, my friends they reared me tender,
 I passed with my brother each happy night and morn;
 But death has made a slaughter, poor father's in the water,
 Cried a poor little fisherman's girl, my friends are dead
 and gone

So fast falls the snow, and I can't find a shelter,
 So fast falls the snow, I must hasten to the thorn,
 For my covering the bushes, my bed is in green rushes,
 Cried a poor little fisherman's girl, my friends are dead
 and gone.

It happened as she passed by a very noble cottage,
 A gentleman he heard her, his breast for her did burn,
 Crying, Come in my lovely creature, he view'd each droop-
 ing feature,
 You're a poor little fisherman's girl, whose friends are dead
 and gone.

He took her to the fire, and when he'd warmed and fed her,
 The tears began to fall; he fell on her breast forlorn,
 Crying, Live with me forever, we part again—no never,
 You are my dearest sister—our friends are dead and gone.

So now she's got a home, she's living with her brother,
 Now she's got a home, and the needy ne'er does scorn,
 For God was her protector, likewise a kind conductor,
 Of the poor little fisherman's girl, when her friends are
 dead and gone.

The Ocean Burial.

“ Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,”
 The words came low and mournfully.
 From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
 On his cabin couch at the close of day;
 He had wasted and pined till o’er his brow
 Death’s shade had slowly pass’d, and now
 Where the land and his fond loved home were nigh,
 They had gather’d around him to see him die.

“ Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
 Where the billowing shroud will swell o’er me;
 Where no light will break through the dark cold wave,
 And no sunbeam rest upon my grave;
 It matters not, I have often been told
 Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold,
 Yet grant, oh, grant this boon to me,
 Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

“ For in fancy I’ve listen’d to the well-known words,
 The free wild winds and the songs of the birds;
 I have thought of home, of cot, and of bower,
 And of scenes that I loved in childhood’s hour,
 I had even hoped to be laid, when I died,
 In the churchyard there on the green hill-side,
 By the homes of my father my grave should be,—
 Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

“ Let my death slumbers be where a mother’s prayer,
 And a sister’s tear shall be mingled there;
 It will be sweet ere the heart’s gentle throb is o’er,
 To know when its fountain shall gush no more,
 That those it so fondly hath yearn’d for will come
 To plant the first wild flower or spring on my tomb;
 Let me lie where those loved ones will weep over me,—
 Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

And there is another whose tears would be shed
 For him who lay far in an ocean bed;
 In hours that it pains me to think of now,
 She hath twined those locks and hath kiss’d this brow.

In the hair she hath wreathed shall the sea serpent hiss,
 And the brow she hath press'd shall the cold wave kiss!
 For the sake of that bright one, that waiteth for me,
 Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

' She hath been in my dreams"—His voice failed there,
 They gave no heed to his dying prayer;
 They have lower'd him low o'er the vessel side,
 Above him has closed the dark cold tide.
 Where to dip the light wings the sea-bird rests,
 And the blue waves dance o'er the ocean crest,
 Where the billows bound and the winds sport free,
 They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

The Minute Gun at Sea.

Let him who sighs in sadness hear,
 Rejoice to know a friend is near!
 What heavenly sounds are those I hear?
 What being comes the gloom to cheer?
 When in the storm on Columbia's coast,
 The night-watch guards his weary post,
 From thoughts of danger free!
 To mark some vessel's dusky form,
 And hears amid the howling storm,
 The minute gun at sea!

Swift on the shore a hardy few,
 The life-boat man with a gallant crew,
 And dare the dangerous wave!
 Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
 Lost in the foam nor know dismay,
 For they go the crew to save.

But oh! what rapture fills each breast,
 Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd,
 When landed safe what joys to tell,
 Of all the dangers that befell;
 Then is heard no more
 By the watch on the shore,
 The minute gun at sea.

The Irish Emigrant's Lament.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in thine eye.

The place is little changed Mary,
The day is bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again !
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary ;
I see the spire from here
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest ;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But O, they love them better far,
The few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the brave, good heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength had gone:
 There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow:
 I bless you for that same, Mary,
 Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for that smile, Mary,
 When your heart was fit to break;
 When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
 And you hid it, for my sake;
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore;
 O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods,
 I'll sit and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies:
 And I'll think I see the little stile,
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

In the Days when I was Hard Up.

In the days when I was hard up, not many years ago,
I suffered that which only can the sons of misery know ;
Relations, friends, companions, they all turned up their nose,
And they rated me a vagabond for want of better clothes.

In the days when I was hard up, for want of food and fire,
I used to tie my shoes up with little bits of wire ;
When hungry, cold, cast on a rock, and could not get a meal,
How oft I've beat the devil down for tempting me to steal.

In the days when I was hard up, for furniture and drugs,
Many a summer's night I've held communion with the bugs ;
I never faced them with a pike, or smashed them on the wall,
I said the world was wide enough, there's room enough for all.

In the days when I was hard up, I used to lock my door,
For fear the landlady should say you can't lodge here no
more.

From my own back drawing-room, about ten feet by six,
In the work-house wall just opposite, I've counted all the
bricks.

In the days when I was hard up, I bowed my spirits down,
And often have I sought a friend to borrow half-a-crown ;
How many are there in this world whose evils I can scan,
The shabby suit of toggery, but can not see the man.

In the days when I was hard up, I found a blissful hope,
It's all a poor man's heritage to keep him from the rope ;
Now I've found a good old maxim, and this shall be my
plan.

Altho' I wear a ragged coat, I'll wear it like a man.

Nothing Else to Do.

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Boston, owners of the copyright.

The summer is ended, the harvest is gone,
I've mowed all my meadows, I've housed all my corn;
And sweet Katie's cottage stood fair to my view,
And so I went a courting, I'd nothing else to do.

Nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do,
And so I went a courting,
For I'd nothing else to do.

I met my sweet Katie, and down we did sit,
And there we commenced a murmuring chat,
I told her I loved her, to try if she loved too,
I kiss'd her sweet lips, for I'd nothing else to do.

Nothing else to do, &c.

Oh, down to yonder village we straight took our way,
We met Father Hagan so honest and gay;
I gave him his fees to make one of us two,
And so we got married, we'd nothing else to do.

Nothing else to do, &c.

And now I'm married, and live in content,
And those I left behind me, I leave to lament;
I love my parents and friends, that is true,
And somebody else, when I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else to do, &c.

'Tis well to remember and bear in mind,
A constant companion is hard for to find;
And when you find one that is constant and true,
Cherish her even if you've something else to do.

Nothing else to do, &c.

The Lass that Loves a Sailor.

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
Affording a checkered light.

The gay jolly tars passed the word for a tippie,
And the toast,—for 'twas Saturday night.

Some sweetheart or wife

He loved as his life,

Each drank, and he wished he could hail her;

But the standing toast,

That pleased the most,

Was the wind that blows,

The ship that goes,

And the lass that loves a sailor.

Some drank his country, and some her brave ships,

And some the Constitution;

Some, may the French, and all such rips,

Yield to American resolution.

That fate might bless,

Some Poll or Bess.

And that they soon might hail her.

Some drank the navy, and some our land,

This glorious land of freedom:

Some that our tars may never want,

Heroes brave to lead them;

That she who's in distress may find

Such friends that ne'er will fail her.

But the standing toast, &c.

The Rat-catcher's Daughter.

Not long ago in Vestminster there lived a rat-catcher's daughter,
And yet she didn't live in Vestminster, 'cause she loved 'tother side
of the water,
Her father caught rats—and she sold sprats all about and around that
quarter,
And the gentle folks all took off their hats to the putty little Rat-
catcher's daughter.

CHORUS.—Doodle dee,
Doodle dum,
Di dum doodle da.

Now, rich and poor, both far and near, in matrimony sought her :
But at friends and foes turn'd up her nose, did the putty little Rat-
catcher's daughter.
For there was a man, sold lily vite sand, in Cupid's net had
caught her,
And right over head and ears in love vent the putty little Rat-
catcher's daughter.

Now lily vite sand ran in her 'ead, as she went along Strand, oh,
She forgot as she'd got sprats on her 'ead and cried, D'ye you want
any lily vite sand, oh ?
The folks amaz'd all thought her craz'd, as she went along the Strand,
oh,
To see a gai with sprats on her 'ead, cry, D'ye want any lily white
sand, oh ?

Now Rat-catchers's daughter so ran in his 'ead, he couldn't tell vat
he vas arter,
So, instead of crying, D'ye want any sand ? he cried, D'ye want
any Rat-catcher's, daughter ?
His donkey cock'd his ears and laughed, and couldn't think vat he vas
arter,
Ven he heard his lady vite sandman cry, D'ye want any Rat-catch-
er's daughter ?

They both agreed to married be upon next Easter Sunday,
But Rat-catcher's daughter, she had a dream that she wouldn't be
alive on Monday.
She vent vonce more to buy some sprats, and she tumbled into the
water,
And down to the bottom, all kiver'd with mud, vent the putty little
Rat-catcher's daughter.

Ven Lilly vite sand 'e 'eard the news, his eyes ran down with vater,
Said 'e, In love I'll constant prove, and—blow me if I'll live long
arter.
So he cut 'is throat with a pane of glass, and stabb'd 'is donkey arter
So 'ere is an end of lily vite sand, donkey, and the Rat-catcher's
daughter.

Some Love to Drink.

Some love to drink from the foamy brink,
Where the wine-drop's dance they see,
But the water bright, in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.

CHORUS.—Oh, water ! bright water !
Pure, precious, free !
Yes, 'tis water bright in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.

Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow,
There's health in the tide and there's music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.

Oh, water, bright water, &c.

As pure as heaven is the water given,
'Tis forever fresh and new ;
Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,
In the shower and the gentle dew.

Oh, water, bright water, &c.

Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll seek,
For the worn rock owns its sway ;
And we're borne swift along by its wing so strong,
When it riseth to fly away.

Oh, water, bright water, &c.

There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,
When the loud stormy wind doth blow ;
And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,
As it leaps to the depths below.

Oh, water, bright water, &c.

Simon the Cellarer.

Old Simon, the Cellarer, keeps a rare store
 Of Malmsey and Malvoisie
 And Cyprus, and who can say how many more !
 For a chary old soul is he,
 A chary old soul is he.

Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
 And all the year round there is brewing of ale ;
 Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
 While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day ;
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! his nose doth show
 How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! his nose doth show
 How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
 A matron sage is she ;
 From thence oft at Curfew is wafted a fume
 She says it is " Rosemarie : "
 She says it is " Rosemarie : "
 But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
 And the maids say they often see Margery there.
 Now Margery says that she grows very old,
 " And must take a something to keep out the cold ! "
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! old Simon doth know,
 Where many a flask of his best doth go,
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! old Simon doth know,
 Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
 And oft talks about taking a wife ;
 And Margery is often heard to declare :
 " She ought to be settled in life ! "
 " She ought to be settled in life ! "
 But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
 And she's not very handsome, and not very young ;
 So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
 And Simon he brews him a tankard instead ;
 Whik ho ! ho ! ho ! he will chuckle and crow,
 What ! marry old Margery ? no ! no ! no !
 While ho ! ho ! ho ! he will chuckle and crow,
 What ! marry old Margery ? no ! no ! no !

Washington, Star of the West.

There's a Star in the West that will never go down,
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, for it is our own,
And liberty bursts in its ray.
Shall the name of Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the name
Of Washington, Star of the West?

War! war to the knife—be enthralled or ye die!
Was the echo that waked up the land;
But it was not this frenzy that promoted the cry,
Nor rashness that kindled the brand.
He threw back the fetters, he headed the strife,
Till man's charter was firmly restored;
Then he pray'd for the moment when liberty and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriotic name
In the pages of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hoffer and Tell.
Then cherish his memory, the brave and the good,
At Mount Vernon the hero now rests;
Peace, peace to his ashes, our father is dead!
Great Washington, Star of the West!

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Daylight is on the Sea,
Don't you cry so, Norah,
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Erin is my Home,
Gal from the South,
He Led Her to the Altar,
Home, Sweet Home,
I am a Freeman,
I'll hang my Harp on a Wil-
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I'm not Myself at all,
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I've been Roaming o'er the
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I Wish He would Decide,
Mamma,
Jane Monroe,
Johnny is Gone for a Soldier,
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